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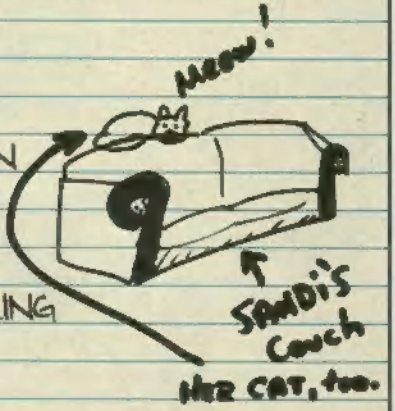
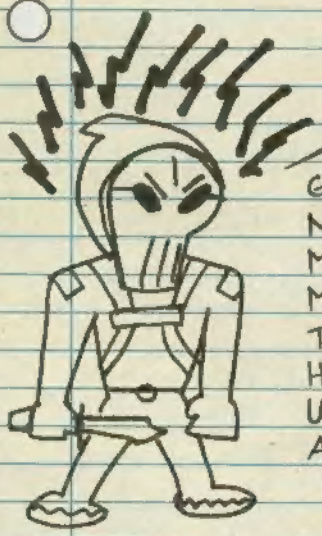
ALEX HAYDEN'S JOURNAL OF ULTIMATE COOLNESS

SO LOSING MY TEMPER.

DAY STARTED SO GOOD, TOO! WAS AT FRIEND SANDI'S PLACE, WHERE I'VE BEEN CRASHING. FIRST MISSION MIXED BAG. IN PLUS COLUMN, GOT OWN THEME PARK. ANGERED CROOKED REAL ESTATE DEVELOPERS. NEGATIVES INCLUDE SMELLING LIKE MONKEY. SANDI INSISTS ON MUCH SOAP USAGE.



SHE WANTS TO FIGURE OUT INSIGNIFICANT DETAILS LIKE WHO I AM, WHERE I CAME FROM, WHY I CAN GROW BACK BODY PARTS, ETC. ETC. BORING! ZZZZZZZZZ!
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE, ANYWAY? DON'T NEED SCRAPBOOK FULL OF VACATION PHOTOS TO SHOOT PEOPLE, WHICH IS ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO. WILL NO ONE LET ME SHOOT PEOPLE? WORLD IS SO UNFAIR.
ANYWAY, SUDDENLY MY TRAINER, THE TASKMASTER, GETS GREAT IDEA. TM SENDS ME ON MISSION, GET THE PUNISHER'S GUNS.



(CONFIDENTIAL! TASKMASTER - INCREDIBLE CREEP WHO LOVES TO STAB! SHHH.)

GO ON MISSION WITH OTHER NEW FRIEND, OUTLAW. NICER THAN TM, ALSO HAVING EXTREME BAD MUSICAL TASTE. OUTLAW TAKES ME HOME, SHOWS ME HER HOLSTERS. OUTLAW DEFINITELY NICER THAN TM! DEFINITELY!
HUNT PUNISHER. END UP NAKED EXCEPT FOR UNDERWEAR IN PHONE BOOTH DOWNTOWN. MUST ADMIT MISSION NOT A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

BLAME TM.

STUPID, STUPID TM!

THINK I'LL KICK STUPID TM'S HEAD IN IF I LIVE.

MORE TOMORROW...

I'm a smidge agitated.
This guy was supposed to be training me to be a merc. Instead, he's been playing me like a punk, and I've been smiling and saying "Thank you, sir, may I have another?"
"School's out--forever!"
As a trainer, though, he did teach me one thing--
--whoever said problems couldn't be solved by violence just wasn't trying hard enough.
I'D LIKE TO REGISTER A COMPLAINT ON YOUR DAMN SPLEEN!

DEAD MAN'S SWITCH PART 3

QUIET DESPERATION

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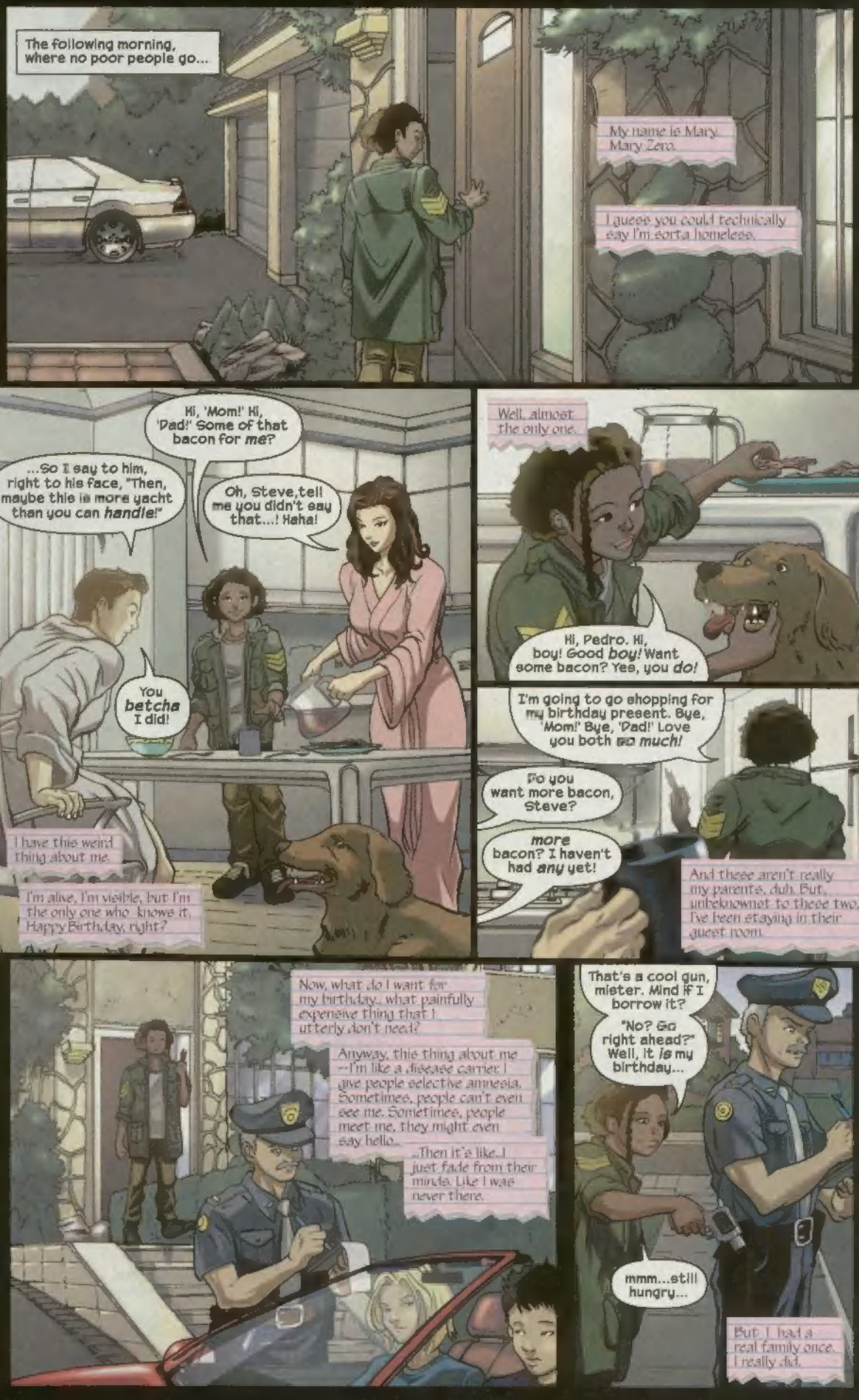
You set me up.
You sent me out against the Punisher.
UNNNNNFFF
Sexy Mama
I wish he hadn't kicked the door down. I was getting the key...
Thanks again for coming to get us, and thanks for the clothes an' all, Sandi. 'Preciate it.
Oh, no problem. Too bad Alex's stuff was all dirty.
I don't get it. Taskmaster was beatin' the crap out of Alex daily and twice on Sunday. But now...
sigh I wish they'd just tongue-kiss and get it over with.
Uh... I don't think Alex rides side-saddle, girl.
You did not!
Giddy-up.
Don't you try that tired Captain America shinola on me.
Just. don't.
Sexy Mama
huuh... huuuh...
THUD
So now you're Spider-Man, is that it?
Snore.
How does it feel to have nothing that really belongs to you?

Okay, this is officially off-kilter. Alex is gettin' better by the second.
GAAHHH!
You got off beating the snot out of me, but the foot's on the other hand now, isn't it? I mean, the gloves are...uh...on the other shoe...
...Wait...
...Did you just..?
MRRRROWWWR!
You just webbed up the living embodiment of Hello Kitty!
You got the moves and the toys, Teach. But you know what?
GUUHHH!
That is it!
SEXY MAMA

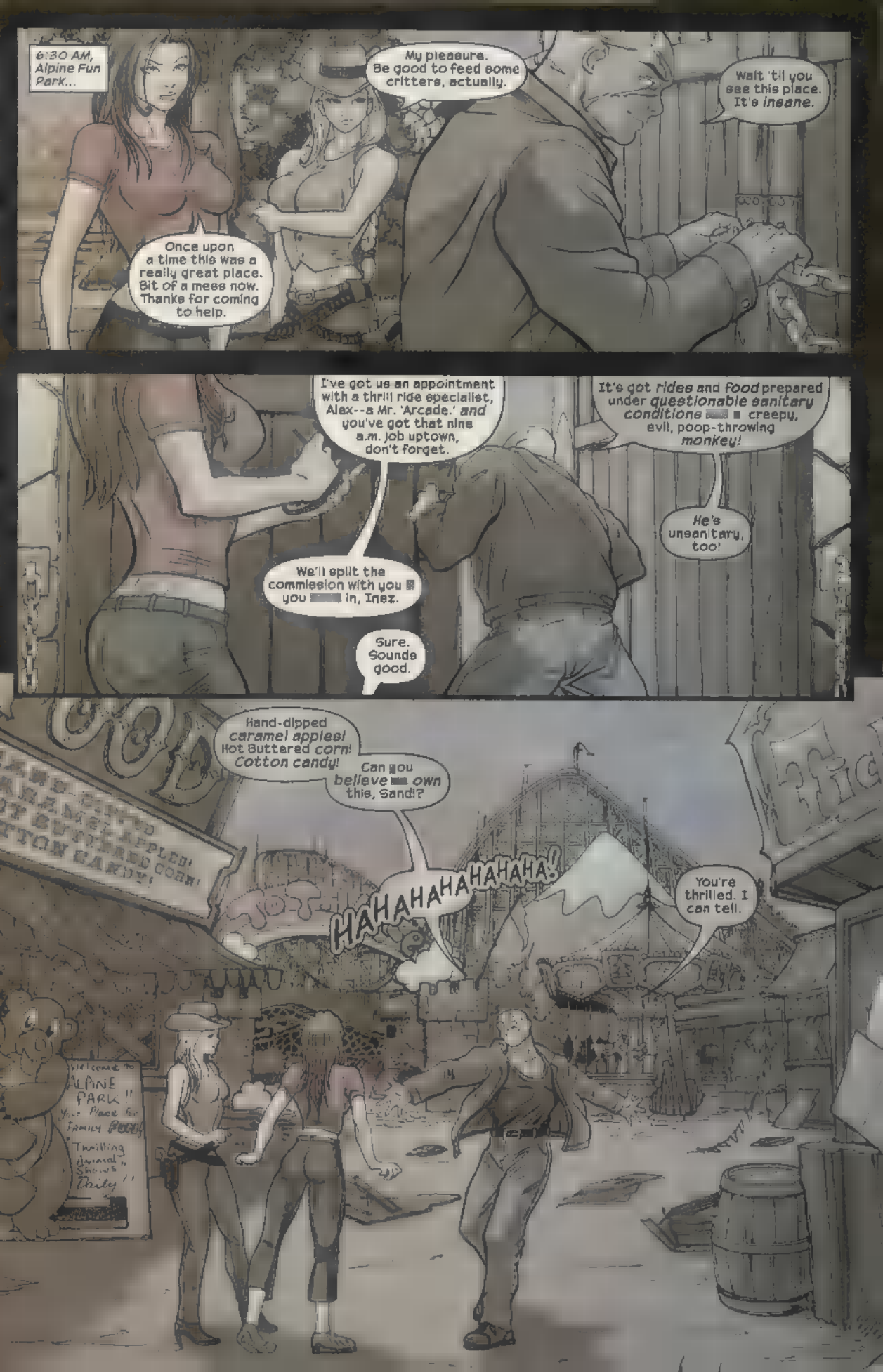
It doesn't make you Spider-Man.
....unh... uhn...
thukk
Stop it, Alex! You made your *point*.
...
Tony, is it *true*? Did you send him out to get killed?
...
...a loser like that is a *virus*, Sandi. You'll catch hell just by standing next to him.
He'll rot your life.
Tony.
I know you blame yourself for me getting hurt last time, but I've healed. I'm okay.
You don't need to protect me anymore.

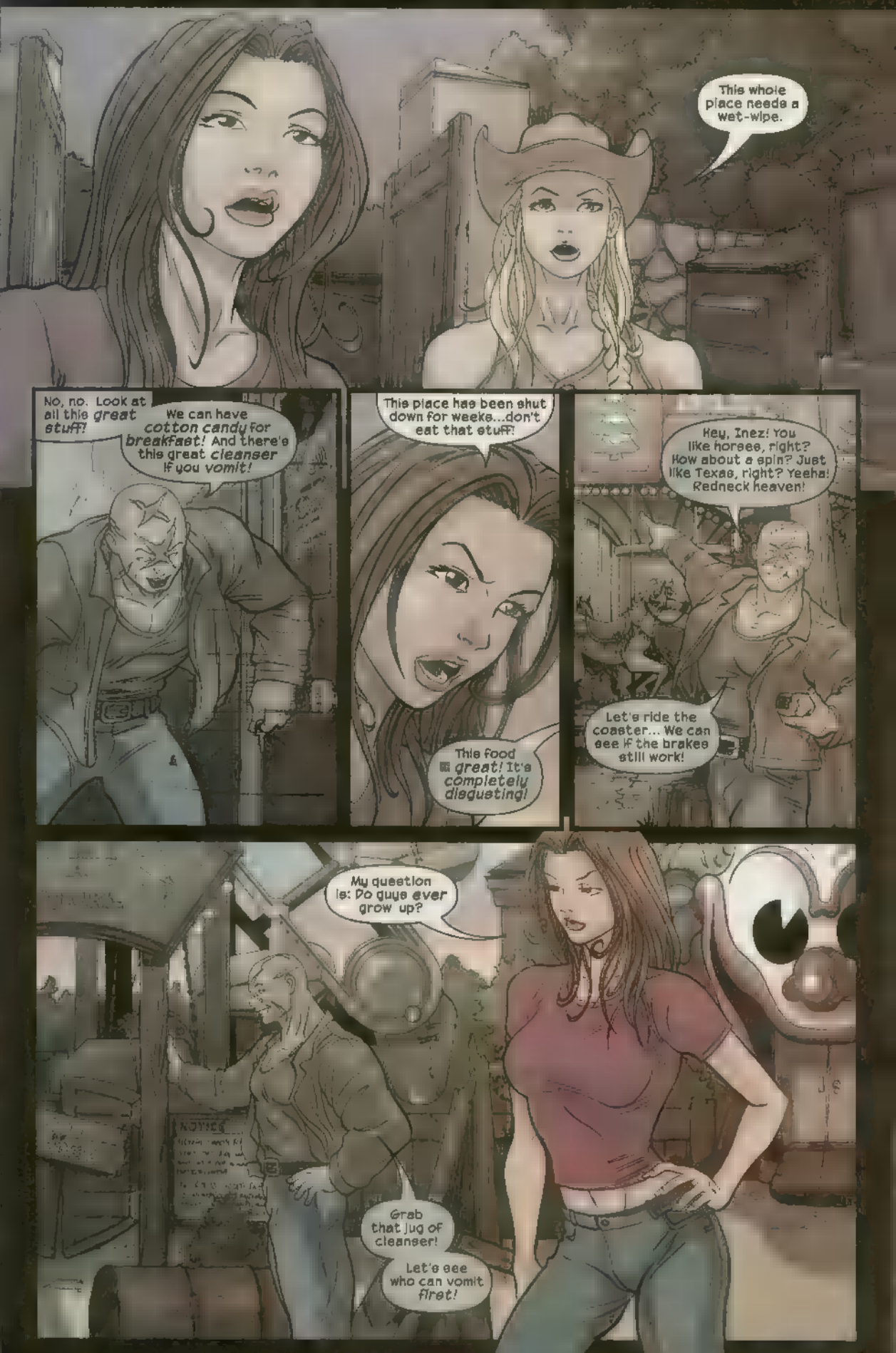
Grow up, Sandi. I know the score.
You want me out 'cause you're gettin' dirty with *freakboy* over there.
SWAPP!!
Mail me an invitation for the wedding.
I'll send somebody to pick up my stuff.
If I ever see you again, even if it's an accident...
...I'll shoot. Won't matter where we are. Crowded street, subway station, whatever. You'll never hear it coming.
Hey, tough guy--

SPLIT!
What the hell?
That's my jock.
I wasn't sure if you knew they came in more sizes than just 'Extra Teensy.'
You know, you got just the kind of head looks great in crosshairs.
Be seeing you.
Alex, how'd you do that? How'd you beat him like that?
I have no idea. But it was refreshing.
Sexy Beast
SLAM!
KRRROOOOWWR!


The following morning, where no poor people go...
My name is Mary. Mary Zero.
I guess you could technically say I'm sort a homeless.
Hi, 'Mom!' Hi, 'Dad!' Some of that bacon for *me*?
...So I say to him, right to his face, "Then, maybe this is more yacht than you can *handle*!"
Oh, Steve, tell me you didn't say that...! Haha!
You *betcha* I did!
I have this weird thing about me.
I'm alive, I'm visible, but I'm the only one who knows it. Happy Birthday, right?
Well, almost the only one.
Hi, Pedro. Hi, boy! Good *boy*! Want some bacon? Yes, you *do*!
I'm going to go shopping for my birthday present. Bye, 'Mom!' Bye, 'Dad!' Love you both so *much*!
So you want more bacon, Steve?
more bacon? I haven't had *any* yet!
And these aren't really my parents, duh. But, unbeknownst to these two, I've been staying in their guest room.
Now, what do I want for my birthday.. what painfully expensive thing that I utterly don't need?
Anyway, this thing about me --I'm like a disease carrier. I give people selective amnesia. Sometimes, people can't even see me. Sometimes, people meet me, they might even say hello...
...Then it's like...I just fade from their minds. Like I was never there.
That's a cool gun, mister. Mind if I borrow it?
"No? Go right ahead?" Well, it *is* my birthday...
mmm...still hungry...
But, I had a real family once. I really did.

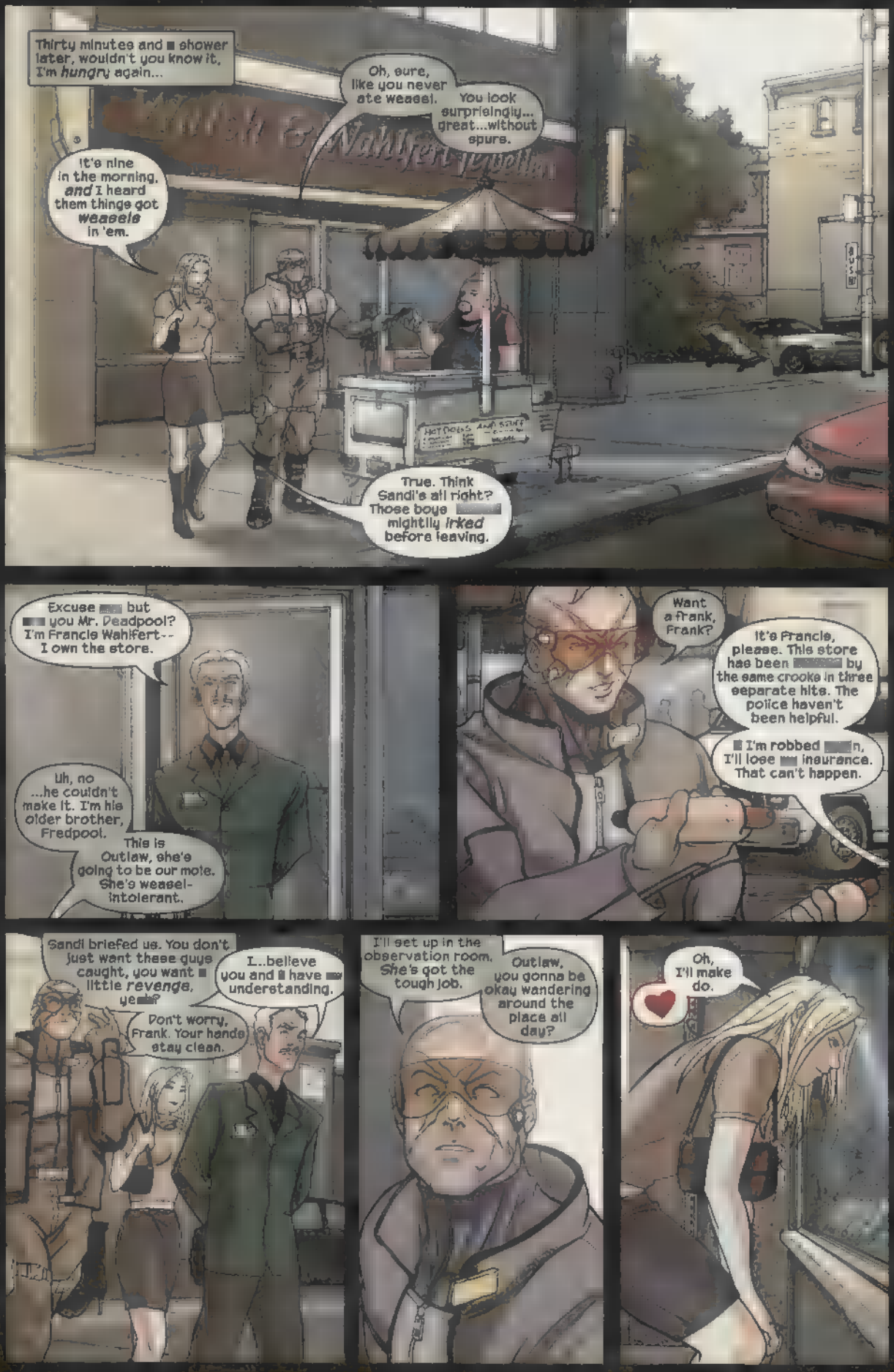
And this time, they'd better listen.
I want a tuna sandwich with triple onions.
Hey, Oscar, c'n I go home early? The counter's totally dead.
There is a gun at your head, princess!
You prep the line for the night guys?
Um... well...
Hello? Hungry customer with a gun?
Ah, never mind. I got it. Go punch out.
Oh, you're the best! Thanks, Oscar --I owe you!
Everyone should have a name.
Even if it's just one they made up for themselves.
Sigh
Yeah, yeah, but I notice you're always 'busy' when I ask for a date...
Oh, well. Some birthday shopping might cheer me up...

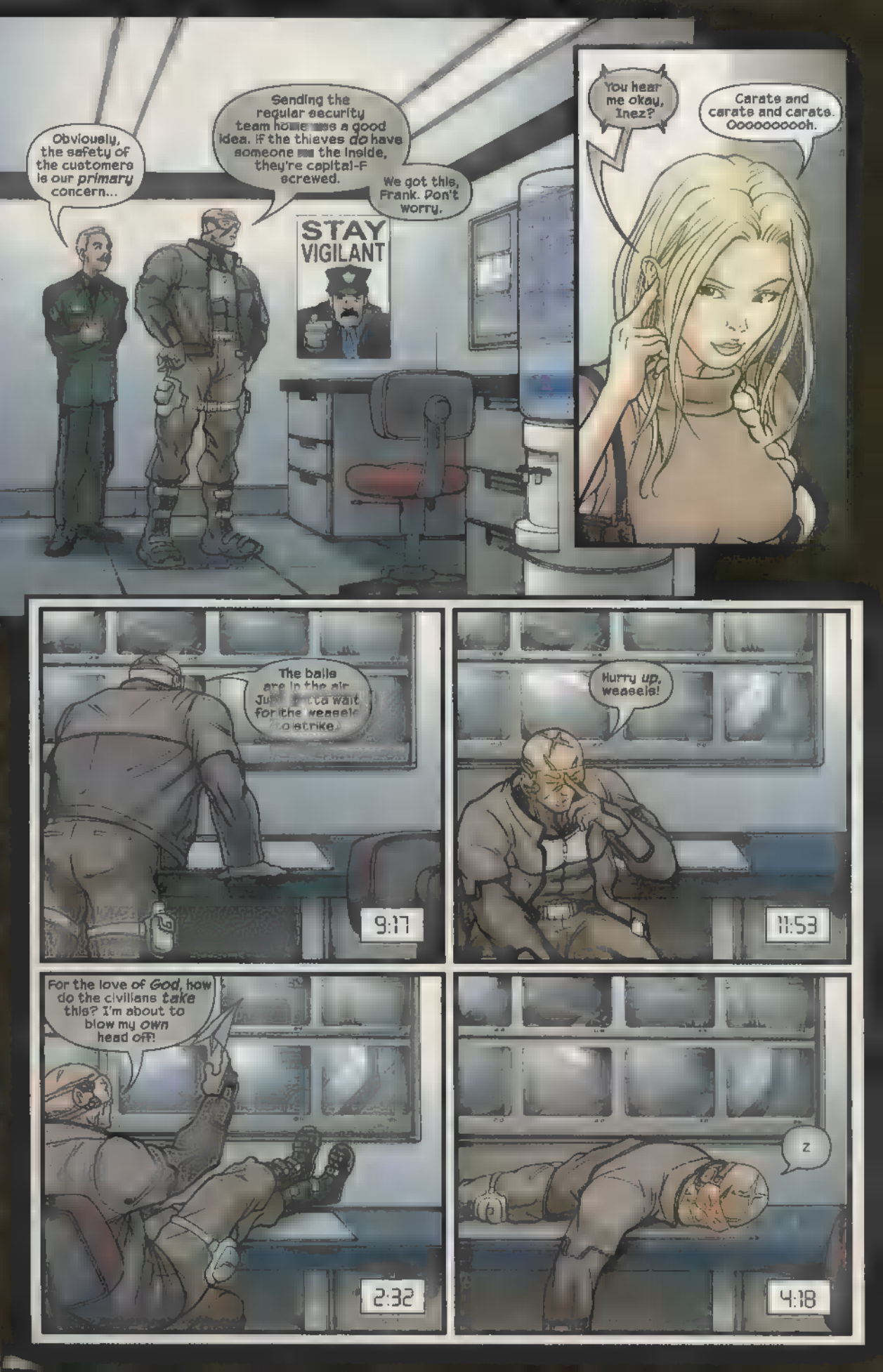

6:30 AM, Alpine Fun Park...
My pleasure. Be good to feed some critters, actually.
Wait 'til you see this place. It's *insane*.
Once upon a time this was a really great place. Bit of a mess now. Thanks for coming to help.
I've got us an appointment with a thrill ride specialist, Alex--a Mr. 'Arcade.' *and* you've got that nine a.m. job uptown, don't forget.
It's got *rides* and *food* prepared under *questionable sanitary conditions* [redacted] creepy, evil, poop-throwing *monkey!*
He's unsanitary, too!
We'll split the commission with you [redacted] you [redacted] in, Inez.
Sure. Sounds good.
Hand-dipped *caramel apples!* Hot Buttered *corn!* *Cotton candy!*
Can [redacted] you *believe* [redacted] *own* this, Sandi?
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
You're thrilled. I can tell.
Welcome to ALPINE PARK!! Your Place for FAMILY FUN!! Thrilling Carnival Shows Daily!!


This whole place needs a wet-wipe.
No, no. Look at all this great stuff!
We can have cotton candy for breakfast! And there's this great cleanser if you vomit!
This place has been shut down for weeks...don't eat that stuff!
This food is great! It's completely disgusting!
Hey, Inez! You like horses, right? How about a spin? Just like Texas, right? Yeeha! Redneck heaven!
Let's ride the coaster... We can see if the brakes still work!
My question is: Do guys ever grow up?
Grab that jug of cleanser!
Let's see who can vomit first!

I got a scary notion that this all makes *sense* to him.
Alex... we've got *company*.
Mr. Hayden--
--If you'll step into the car for a moment, I believe I can [redacted] you a very happy man.
We're closed right now.
I hope you mean something different from the way that *sounds*.
Okay. About this happy thing...
Corndog?
That's very kind of you.
Yeah, you can't beat a corndog. All golden and moist and filled with the Lord's bounty.
Most people thaw these babies out and deep-fry 'em, [redacted] me...
I like 'em just fine cold. Like a battered ratsicle.
Nummers!
GULLP
Ahem. I understand that you're new to your business. I, too, now find that I have to prove myself.
[redacted] firm [redacted] the land [redacted] It would [redacted] very advantageous for us both [redacted] you [redacted] willing to [redacted].
heh.

You wouldn't believe what I just turned down.
Alex, do you have your guns with you?
Nope.
Me, neither.
...Oh. Crap.
Take them both, Saguri. Do something memorable to them, as an example to others.
I'm sorry it had to be this way, Mr. Hayden.
"but I really must insist you sell."
[redacted] leave our property. Quickly. Don't come back.
I love this elephant so much I'm promising right here and now to never make her into four umbrella stands.
STOP.


Thirty minutes and a shower later, wouldn't you know it, I'm *hungry* again...
Oh, sure, like you never ate weasel.
You look surprisingly... great...without spurs.
It's nine in the morning, *and* I heard them things got *weasels* in 'em.
True. Think Sandi's all right? Those boys mightily *irked* before leaving.
Excuse me but are you Mr. Deadpool? I'm Francis Wahlfert-- I own the store.
Uh, no ...he couldn't make it. I'm his older brother, Fredpool.
This is Outlaw, she's going to be our mole. She's weasel-intolerant.
Want a frank, Frank?
It's Francis, please. This store has been [illegible] by the same crooks in three separate hits. The police haven't been helpful.
If I'm robbed again, I'll lose insurance. That can't happen.
Sandi briefed us. You don't just want these guys caught, you want a little *revenge*, yes?
I...believe you and I have an understanding.
Don't worry, Frank. Your hands stay clean.
I'll set up in the observation room. She's got the tough job.
Outlaw, you gonna be okay wandering around the place all day?
Oh, I'll make do.


Obviously, the safety of the customers is our primary concern...
Sending the regular security team home was a good idea. If the thieves do have someone on the inside, they're capital-F screwed.
We got this, Frank. Don't worry.
STAY VIGILANT
You hear me okay, Inez?
Carate and carate and carate. Oooooooooh.
The balls are in the air. Just gotta wait for the weasels to strike.
9:17
Hurry up, weasels!
11:53
For the love of God, how do the civilians take this? I'm about to blow my own head off!
2:32
z
4:18

Whatever you desire, my dearest adorable darling!
Oooh, I like the looks of that one!
You have an excellent eye, madam. That is one of our finest pieces.
Hope the old guy survives your grat-tude, lady.
"La La La no one's looking."
I think you'll find this is a cut of extraordinary beauty--One could get lost in the facets of a stone like this...
¤squeal!¤
17
Listen, Mr. Hot Dog Man, if the guy with the tic-tac-toe game on his face asks, you never saw me.
Five with everything.

The best thing about no one ever really knowing I'm around...
...because this [redacted] the store I [redacted] hit. I [redacted] good [redacted] to know [redacted] you don't.
Hey, hey, I ain't arguin'. Just [redacted] pushy to [redacted] four times, same place.
Walsh & Wahlfert Jewellers
...I get to choose my own birthday presents.
You know how I hate to be pushy.
What's that slimy stuff? Gimme lots of that.
I hope those hot dogs go right to your thighs, show-off lady.
Murder is pushy, Keith. This is just armed robbery--
"--If no [redacted] gets stupid, that is."
Z.

Well, hello, Francie. We come here [redacted] often we should get a discount.
What? [redacted] on?
You... You!
I've just hit the silent alarm. The police will be here within minutes.
Yeah, that'd be scary. But you know [redacted] I paid a mess of fast kids to trip the alarms at twelve other stores within an eight block radius. I think we have time.
KRASH
Not my business
Hey... hold it...
Watch it!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
OOFF...!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
Huh?
Man, I was having this amazing dream. There was this cake and it was filled with boobs!
Dammit!

Hey!
That's my birthday present, you jerks!
You okay?
They'll get... 'way. Dammit. Dammit.
Didn't see...
Inez...I need to know. How hard can you push?
Like this?
With... mult'ple... bullet holes?
"Pretty damn hard."
Go, Don, Go.
I have a gun! That necklace is mine! Listen to me!

AAAAAH!
Brian! I'm hit! Oh, God! Help me!
I hope you all get shot.
It huuuurts!
Hold on, 'bro'! We'll get you some he...
Wait a minute. This isn't blood.
It's ketchup!
Outdoor convenience food vending...
Ram 'im! Ram him!
...to the extreeeeeeeeeme!
BUMP!
Are you not entertained?
uh- oh.
KLAK
KLOK
This would never happen if I had one o' them sporty Italian biscotti carts.

Hey... Hey! We lost him!
I am violating several major provisions of the traffic code right now...
Could get ugly...
This is what Tony Hawk would do, if he had a huge skateboard that cooked quality franks and Polish sausages.
"If everybody had a dog cart, Across the U.S.A..."
Yep. I'll probably die soon.
SPLORSH
Aw, tell me I didn't step in the dog juice.
Yeah, yeah, we lost the freak!
Uh...I don't think so, Brian.
If we live, I'm shooting all you guys.

It's raining hog-snouts and mayonnaise.
Like a poet's beautiful dream.
I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, he lost his guns, right? How dangerous can he be?
Well, I'll tell you the truth. In all the chaos, I got a little confused myself. I guess the question you have to ask yourself is...
ughgh... no. NO.
"...is this wiener loaded?"

Hey, you okay in there, little girl?
I'm okay...
I was worried about you. You're not *with* these guys, I'm guessing?
What did you say?
You...you were *worried*? About *me*?
Sure. Why not?
And that's how I met the man I'm going to marry.
MMMMMMMMMMMM!
?!!?
Oh, sure, give the cops *another* reason to throw me in jail...
NEXT ISSUE: HIGH FINANCE AND WEIRD ROMANCE!

Note to self: Make Ultra-Uber Logo

EvilMage